

"I hate the rain."

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"I hate the rain."

by [quackitea \(unrequited_heartbreak\)](#)

Summary

Dream and George are inseparable, and Sapnap can't help but feel left out.

Or, Dreamnap has a Moment™ while George snores in the background.

Notes

This is my first work on AO3 and my first Dream Team fanfic! It's technically Gen, but the relationships are heavily implied so if you're not a fan of shipping real people you might wanna turn back now. There's a teeny tiny mention of blood, so TW for that I suppose? Also. Help me tag. I'm so lost.

This might become a longer fic in the future (and if it does, expect a title and description change), but for now it's just a one-shot!

I hope you enjoy :D

"I hate the rain," Sapnap huffed under his breath, scooting back against the wall. Despite the barn loft being mostly insulated and closed off, there was a gap in the wall where the stairs met the floor. Each rush of wind sent cool air straight into Sapnap's face. Another gust whipped past, and he shivered despite the thick woven blanket draped over his legs.

The loft was small, not the most inviting, but it had some cozy charm. Maybe a bit too much, considering Dream had hit his head on the tin roof more times than he'd like to admit. They had lugged most of their belongings up the rickety stairs, along with their two lanterns, and Sapnap's various instrument cases. The cluttered items certainly didn't help the claustrophobic feeling of the space.

Dream hummed in response, continuing to drag his fingers through George's hair, the repetitive motion almost meditative. The two were tucked into one corner, next to the lanterns and most of their supplies. They were sharing the bigger blanket, the deep green one with little faded blue flowers embroidered on it, while Sapnap curled up under the smaller red one in the opposite corner.

Dream had tried his best to clear a space to sleep, but piles of straw still surrounded them, filling the air with the smell of damp hay. The thrum of the rain on the loft's metal roof muffled Sapnap's occasional complaints, and it had already lulled George into peaceful sleep.

Sapnap knew their system, switching around who was on watch was only fair. Sleeping in a barn in the middle of nowhere wasn't exactly the safest, especially when travelling through magical areas, especially when no one in the traveling party had magic to combat what dwelled in them. George may have been interested in spellcasting, but he wasn't capable of it. Dream could hold his own against a few skeletons, but not a phantom. And Sapnap... he could scream, chuck his lute, and miss.

Regardless of the fact that it had to be done, he was still frustrated. Especially when it technically wasn't even his turn to keep watch.

After seeing George flinch one too many times at the thunder outside, Dream had turned to Sapnap with pleading eyes and silently begged him to take his place. Sapnap wasn't the biggest fan of the rain either, if he was being honest with himself, yet he couldn't bring himself to say no to Dream. Also, George looked like he was about to pee his pants, cry, or maybe both, and it was stressful watching him struggle. So there he sat, cold and uncomfortable but too tired to feel fully angry.

It wasn't even a nice place to be on watch, and there was nothing to distract himself with either. On a clear night he might have climbed onto the roof and plucked away on his lute for a while, but given the current weather, that wasn't really an option.

Their travel had turned sort of aimless as the months passed, and despite having an end goal, it felt like they were just trudging forward because there was nowhere to stop. Sleeping in cheap inns, abandoned barns, and the occasional cave was thrilling the first few times, but now each place they stopped felt like another nowhere.

Dream had wanted to chase his destiny, and George and Sapnap had nothing better to do than to tag along. They had grown closer during their journey, bonding over beautiful scenery (and the occasional threat of death), and what started as a pair of small town childhood friends and their wacky companion became a close knit trio. Even if Dream couldn't find a blacksmith, even if George didn't discover a new enchantment, even if Sapnap didn't learn a new folk song, they had each other. At least, in theory.

If he was being honest, Sapnap had felt disconnected from his friends since they split up in Boarsmouth two weeks ago. He had stumbled into them laughing and eating street food while he was trying to stick to the plan and stock up on supplies. Feeling stressed and left out, he had turned right around and practically ran back to their meetup spot, leaving them calling after him guiltily. They made up, as always, but something still felt... off. Dream's gaze lingered on George's face as he talked, no matter what about. George was somehow always touching Dream, whether it be

bumping knees, brushing shoulders, or occasionally grabbing his arm.

Despite Sapnap knowing Dream for years, the other two seemed to have a bond that he just wasn't a part of. It felt even more pronounced now, as Dream and George lay tangled in each other on one side of the room, and Sapnap sat curled into himself in the other.

“You okay?” The words fought through the wailing of the rain as Dream finally caught Sapnap’s sour expression, pulling him out of his thoughts and back into the cold November air.

Sapnap turned his glare towards his friend, and his expression softened. Dream’s eyes were wide, brows furrowed. The worry on his face was crystal clear, and he had pulled his hands away from George to lean forward and make eye contact. Care was steeped into his invested pose, the softness of the question, how tenderly he looked at him, as if his answer was the only thing that mattered in the entire world.

“I’m fine,” Sapnap took a deep breath, trying to douse the seething feeling in his gut. He wasn’t, they both knew that, but there was a tiny, shameful part of him curious to see how far Dream would push. Dream pursed his lips, unconvinced. There was a bit of space between the wall and where he sat, and he shifted to make it big enough for another person before patting the ground next to him.

“Come on,” he said, a small smile on his lips, “get over here.”

“I don’t really feel like getting skewered by a skeleton as I sleep, but thank you for the offer,” Sapnap scoffed. He knew he was betraying himself with his body language. He knew he was being obvious. Yet he couldn’t stop worrying his blanket between his fingers, and despite trying to even out his expression, he knew he was being read like a book. Curse Dream and his stupid dumb perceptive eyes.

“We’re in a locked barn, near a busy road, and the rain is *pouring*, Sap. I’m sure we can take the chance for one night if it means you get some rest.”

Curse his stupid dumb logic too. Sapnap wanted to curl up next to them and sleep his little heart out, of course he did, but he couldn’t help feeling as if Dream was only offering because he felt bad. Despite pitying himself in his head for the last half hour, having someone else do it made him feel icky. He wanted to feel like a part of the group... but he didn’t want to force his way in. He glanced over at Dream again, hoping that he had looked away, hoping that he had given up. Instead he was met with a knowing grin, and he groaned.

“I hope you’re happy,” He grumbled, gathering his blanket in his arms and carefully avoiding the exposed nails littering the ground as he walked over.

“I’m very happy,” Dream confirmed, brushing away some extra hay just as Sapnap unceremoniously plopped down next to him. “Is something on your mind? You looked stressed out over there.”

Sapnap was willing to accept the peace offering, but not willing to unload all of his worries on request. The worn wood floor was cool under his fidgeting fingers. He sighed, tossing responses around in his head, but nothing felt right.

“I don’t feel like talking about it,” He managed, sliding down the wall a bit and resting his head on Dream’s shoulder. A small reassurance, but a sweet one. *I’m not mad at you*, the motion said, *just not ready*.

“Well I’m always here, okay?” Dream said gently, smoothing an out of place lock of hair on Sap’s head. “We should probably try to sleep.”

Sapnap felt a rush of embarrassment wash over him as he breathed in sharply and seized up at the touch. He honestly couldn’t remember the last time Dream had been so *soft* with him. It must have been when they were kids, over some injury he had gotten deep in the woods, too far away to be heard by a passerby. He could picture it clearly: Dream giving him a piggyback ride, not minding the tears that dripped onto his shoulders or the blood that soaked into his shirt. A pang of nostalgia joined all of the other emotions swirling in his chest.

He felt Dream pull away after his reaction and suppressed a whine of disappointment. His head was screaming at him to not let this moment slip through his grasp, and yet, he couldn’t let himself be forward about it. He settled for reaching down to where Dream’s other hand rested in his lap, intertwining their fingers. Dream paused, processing the movement, before brushing his thumb across Sapnap’s knuckles reassuringly. The moment felt so overwhelmingly *intimate* that Sapnap stopped thinking for a minute, enjoying the tenderness while it lasted.

There was no way they would mention this tomorrow. Or ever, honestly. As close as they were, neither of them were big on talking about feelings. Whatever small moments of chemistry they shared (and there had been quite a lot over the years) went unspoken. George never initiated conversations like that, either. Well, maybe he did, just not with Sapnap.

Whatever. It was fine. He would enjoy it while it lasted. He didn’t have to think about what this meant for their dynamic, or about George sleeping right beside them, or about the way that his heart fluttered when Dream touched him.

Sapnap shifted slightly towards Dream to lean against him more comfortably, still keeping their hands locked. He allowed himself one bashful smile into Dream’s shoulder, one last soft gesture, before the rain coaxed him into sleep.

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